

THRILLING TALES OF SUSPENSE

AMAZING
TALES

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

APRIL 1952 No. 7

10¢

LN

RUN, JANE!! RUN!!
HE ISN'T HUMAN. I
CAN'T GET AWAY!

I'M IN HIS POWER
TOO. HELP ME, KURT!
HELP ME!!

TALES OF
HORROR



STRANGEST TALES
EVER HEARD

"TERROR OF THE
GHOSTLY CASTLE"
...AND OTHER STORIES



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I SCREAM--SCREAM UNTIL MY THROAT IS RAW AND PARCHED WITH THE DRY ROT OF FEAR / BUT SCREAMS DO NO GOOD. THEY CAN NOT HELP ME WITH MY PROBLEM OF — — —

THE ABSENT MINDED FIEND



THE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE BEEN BUT PART OF THE WEB OF EVER INCREASING NIGHTMARES THAT ALL STARTED WHEN LOUIS AND I WERE ON OUR HONEYMOON... CANNIBALISM HAD ALWAYS ATTRACTED ME...AND---

JUST THINK, DARLING --THE SOUTH SEAS-- OUR FIRST NATIVE CEREMONIAL...

YES, IT'S WONDERFUL. STILL, THE CAPTAIN OF OUR CRUISE SHIP WARNED US NOT TO GO--SOMETHING ABOUT VOODOO AND WITCH-CRAFT AND EVEN CANNIBALISM!



WHEN THE MOON ROSE--AT THE HEIGHT OF THE NATIVE ORGY---

DO NOT DRINK OF THE FORBIDDEN JUICE... FOR NATIVES ONLY!

IF THEY CAN DRINK IT, I CAN TOO!

DON'T DRINK IT, PATTY!



I DRANK THE ODOROUS POTION LITTLE REALIZING THE HIDEOUS CONSEQUENCES. HOWEVER IT WAS ALL SOON FORGOTTEN UPON OUR RETURN HOME





THEN, ONE EVENING, LONG AFTER OUR RETURN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS...

YOU'RE CERTAIN, DOCTOR, THERE'S NO HARM IN MY WIFE'S GROWING PREOCCUPATION WITH THE STUDY OF CANNIBALISM?

NO--I WOULDN'T SAY SO. OF COURSE, THERE ARE LIMITS TO EVERYTHING...



MY HUSBAND'S QUESTION STARTLED ME... THE STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF CANNIBALISM WAS NOW MY MAIN HOBBY. WHAT DID HE MEAN BY HARM?

NOW WHY DID LOUIS ASK THE DOCTOR THAT? HE'S NEVER SHOWN ANY CONCERN BEFORE...



LATER, WHEN WE RETURNED TO OUR APARTMENT...

LOUIS--WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY YOUR QUESTION ABOUT MY INTEREST IN CANNIBALISM?

NOTHING, MY DEAR. JUST AN IDLE QUESTION--NOTHING MORE...



BUT--WAS IT? AN HOUR OR SO AFTER WE RETIRED...

WHA--WHAT? LOUIS--IS THAT YOU? WHERE ARE YOU...



FRANTIC, AS THERE CAME NO ANSWER, I JUMPED FROM BED...

LOUIS/ MY BOOKS/ WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

NOW, DEAREST. SORRY I DISTURBED YOU. I THOUGHT--I FELT--I--I...

I CAN'T TELL HER WHAT I THINK. SHE WON'T BELIEVE ME--NO ONE WILL...



ALRIGHT, I'LL CONFESS. I WAS GOING TO HIDE THE MORE MACABRE, MORE DANGEROUS OF THE MATERIAL IN YOUR COLLECTION...

WHY, LOUIS, WHY? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? TELL ME--I DEMAND IT!



IF YOU INSIST, MY DEAR. YOUR HOBBY HAS BECOME MORE THAN AN OBSESSION-- YOU MAY ACTUALLY BE DEVELOPING CANNIBALISTIC TENDENCIES...



I SAT, STUNNED! LOUIS, MY HUSBAND, TO SAY SUCH A GHASTLY THING...

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT! THIS IS SOME SORT OF SHABBY TRICK ON YOUR PART...

I KNEW YOU'D THINK THAT... YOU SEEM TO THINK EVERYTHING IS A TRICK TO GET YOUR PRECIOUS MONEY!



MONEY! MY MONEY! THAT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK OF...

AND YOU, MY DEAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF? HEH? WATCH OUT!

I COULD STAND NO MORE. I RAN AND LOCKED MYSELF IN MY ROOM... THE NEXT MORNING...



"DEAREST PATTY: I'LL BE AT THE CLUB UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES AND LET ME HELP YOU-- YOU DO NEED HELP, YOU KNOW..."



WHAT IS HE TRYING TO DO TO ME? WHAT HE SAYS IS IMPOSSIBLE! I CAN'T BE...

FEELING LOST, SO TERRIBLY ALONE, I STARTED TO DRESS...



I'M CERTAIN NOW THAT LOUIS IS UP TO SOMETHING. I'LL SEE A LAWYER-- I'LL SCARE HIM RIGHT BACK...

I WENT TO THE CLOSET FOR MY COAT. AND THEN-- I SAW IT!



HOW LONG I STOOD TRANSFIXED WITH TERROR I'LL NEVER KNOW! THEN---



QUICKLY I SHUT THE CLOSET DOOR AND RAN FOR THE DOOR. MY HEART WAS POUNDING MADLY...



ONCE MORE ALONE, I FELT COMPELLED TO RETURN TO THE GRIZZLY SIGHT ON THE CLOSET SHELF---



I'M ON TO YOUR GAME, LOUIS. IT WON'T WORK!



HIS WORDS INFURIATED ME. I LEFT THE APARTMENT AND DROVE UP TO OUR SUMMER COTTAGE---



SEVERAL DAYS PASSED PEACEABLY. THEN, ONE EVENING---





I WANTED TO SCREAM-- TO RUN ON AND ON THROUGH THE NIGHT. INSTEAD --- I CALLED LOUIS...

YES...YES, ALRIGHT, MY DEAR. I'LL MEET YOU AT THE APARTMENT. I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES AT LAST...



I REACHED THE APARTMENT BEFORE MY HUSBAND. I RAN TO THE CLOSET...

THE ARM--- IT'S GONE! LOUIS HAS BEEN HERE!

JUST THEN LOUIS ARRIVED. I HURRIED TO MEET HIM.



IT'S ALMOST OVER, DEAR. WE'LL TAKE YOU TO A GOOD PSYCHIATRIST TOMORROW, THEN WE'LL START TO FORGET IT ALL...

SO YOU THINK / I'M SURE THE POLICE WILL BE INTERESTED IN THE BODY THAT YOU TRIED TO SCARE ME WITH!



THROUGHOUT THE EVENING WE PLAYED OUT OUR LITTLE COMEDY...

I'M SORRY I UPSET YOU... BUT YOUR WEIRD DELUSIONS HAD ME WORRIED!

YES... THE DELUSIONS YOU CREATED!

DEAR, SWEET LOUIS. NOW... LET'S GO TO BED.



HOURS LATER I AWOKE TO FIND MYSELF STANDING IN OUR LIVING-ROOM...

NO--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. MY HANDS ARE COVERED WITH THE CLAY THAT IS ONLY TO BE FOUND IN THE CEMETERY IN THE NEXT BLOCK!

PATTY! YOUR HANDS!! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



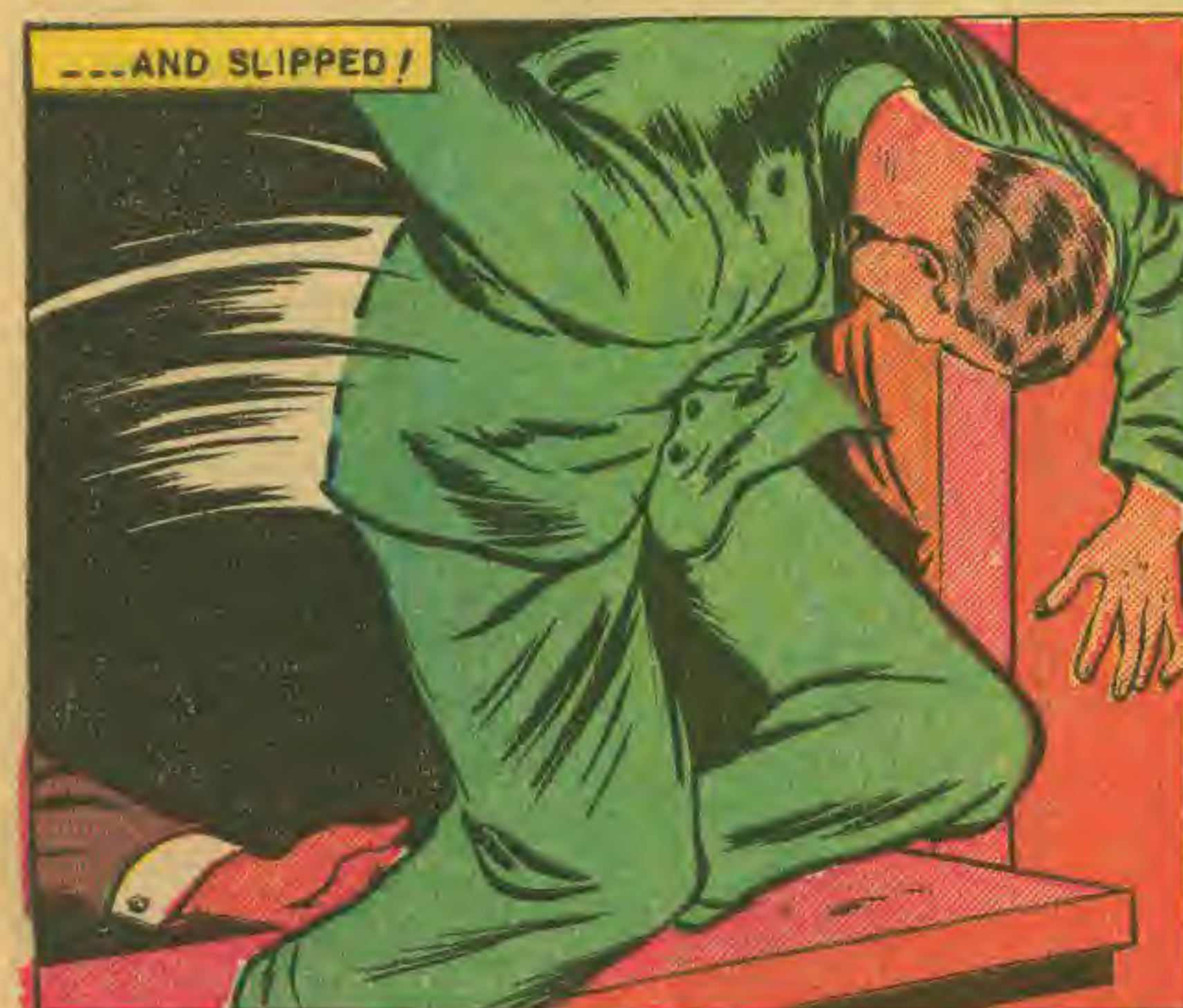
MY BRIEF MOMENT OF HYSTERIA PASSED. THEN I SAW HIS TRICK FOR WHAT I THOUGHT IT WAS...

YOU--YOU PUT THIS CLAY ON MY HANDS BECAUSE YOU WANT ME TO LOSE MY MIND--YOU WANT MY MONEY!



NOW I'M SURE YOU'RE THE FIEND!!

I RAN TO MY ROOM AND LOCKED THE DOOR...



THE HOURS THAT FOLLOWED WERE NIGHTMARES FILLED WITH EYES, QUESTIONS, LIGHTS... THEN THE CORONER ARRIVED...

HE'S DEAD! WHAT HAPPENED?



YOUR STORY IS ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC, MRS. NIXON!

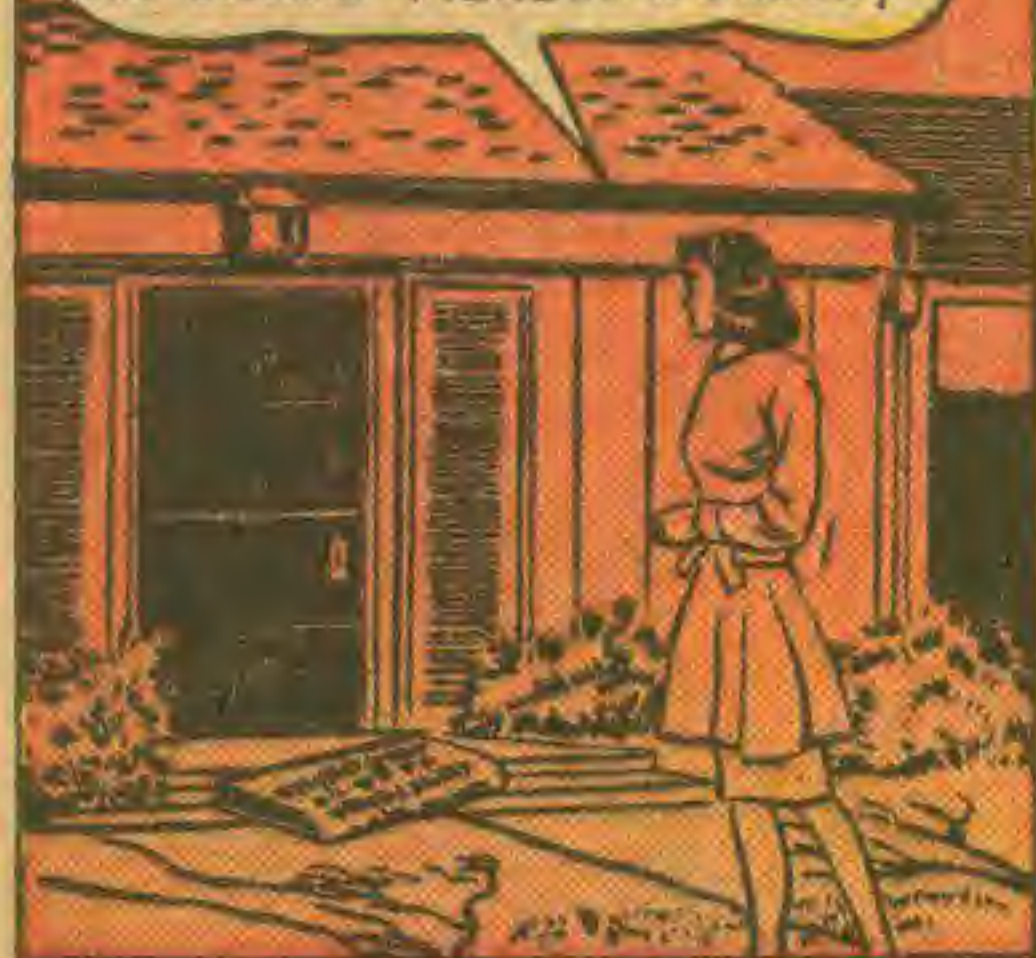
I... I KNOW. BUT, I CAN PROVE IT!

YEAH, HOW?



THE HEALING BALM OF TIME SERVED TO SOOTH MY MENTAL SCARS. ABOUT SIX MONTHS LATER AND SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY...

HERE, AT LAST, NO ONE WILL REMEMBER ME AS THE WIFE OF AN INSANE FIEND... A GHOUL!



NOT AGAIN... THE LAST REST OF ANOTHER POOR SOUL DISTURBED. THE METHODS ALMOST SOUND LIKE LOUIS'S!



SHRUGGING OFF A SUDDEN EERIE FEELING THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW WEEKS HAD GIVEN ME I WENT ON INTO THE HOUSE...

BOSH... WHAT AM I AFRAID OF? NOT LOUIS -- HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR OVER SIX MONTHS NOW!



AIEEEEEEEEE!



NOW I KNOW... LOUIS WAS RIGHT/ LOUIS WAS RIGHT!!

IT WAS ME / I AM THE FIEND / OH, WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? WHY?



THE SECRET OF SLEED'S CASTLE



TIM MCFADDON, ACE NEWSPAPER MAN, HAD NEVER HEARD OF SLEED'S CASTLE UNTIL ONE NIGHT...



GHOSTS? AY, LAD... THERE ARE GHOSTS APLENTY IN THESE PARTS...

THERE ARE? TELL ME MORE... UH, ANOTHER DRINK, OLD TIMER?





AY, BLEED'S CASTLE! DUNGEONS AND DREAD DEMONS AND SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...ARRR...I'VE SAID TOO MUCH...I'M SCARED...MY DRINKS ARE TALKING...NOT I!



WELL, GO ON! WHAT ABOUT BLEED'S CASTLE?

AT LAST...A GOOD LEAD! THIS COULD BE A REAL STORY!

BLEED'S CASTLE! WHO ASKS?



WHO WAS SPEAKING OF BLEED'S CASTLE?

NOT I...A THOUSAND PARDONS MISS! I...I'LL GO NOW!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?



I WAS, AND I'D APPRECIATE ESPECIALLY IF SOMEONE LIKE YOU WERE TO TAKE ME THERE!



I WARN YOU...YOU SEEK KNOWLEDGE THAT HARBORS THE MAGGOTS OF DEATH...



ALL RIGHT, IF YOU *INSIST*... I'LL SHOW YOU THE CASTLE! I...I'M GOING THAT WAY TOO ... BUT DO NOT VENTURE IN!

SWELL, IT OUGHTA MAKE A GOOD GHOST PIECE! UH...ER AND WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN?



SHE LAUGHED. POOR, INFATUATED TIM WAS TOO BUSY TRYING TO IMPRESS THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL TO NOTICE THAT DEEP WITHIN HER LAY HIDDEN THE RAW SEED OF STARK TERROR...

AH! IF I BUT HAD MY WAY, YOU WOULD SEE MUCH OF ME!



YOU'RE *CERTAIN* YOU WANT TO SEE IT? REMEMBER, I *WARNED* YOU...YOU MUST NOT GO IN! IT'S STRAIGHT AHEAD! I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE!

SURE, I WANT TO SEE IT! I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE! AT LEAST BLEED'S CASTLE BROUGHT *US* TOGETHER ...UH OH...STORM COMING... A BAD ONE... MUST YOU GO?

SUDDENLY, THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE CASTLE LOOMED UP BEFORE TIM IN THE STORM-PREGNANT NIGHT...



BRO-THER! BORIS RATLOFF WOULD REALLY GO FOR THIS PLACE!

THE STORM GREW WORSE, TIM'S HORSE FELL, BADLY INJURED, AS TIM STARTED TO LEAVE!



NOW, I'LL HAVE TO GET HELP AT THE CASTLE!

I KNOW I PROMISED LIZBETHA... BUT I MUST HAVE SHELTER AND HELP!



CLANG!
CLANG!

HELLO... I NEED HELP... HUM?

WHAT THE DEVIL?... AN OVER-GROWN SARDINE CAN'S THE BUTLER? WHAT NEXT?



LOOKS LIKE A ROOM OUT OF IVANHOE!



AH! THE YOUNG JOURNALIST! WELCOME! I'VE BEEN **EXPECTING** YOU! I AM SLEED... THE **LAST MALE** OF THE **LINE OF SLEED**...



I'M TIM MC... BUT YOU SAID YOU WERE **EXPECTING ME?**

CONFUSED, BEWILDERED, WITH THE WORM OF FEAR STARTING TO GNAW AWAY AT HIS HEART, TIM SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE WITH THE GRIM OLD MAN...



AND YOU SEE, I'VE TRIED TO KEEP THE CASTLE AS IT WAS, RETAINERS AND ALL! YOUR ROOM IS **ALREADY PREPARED!**

UH... ER... YES... SURE...

GUESS I BETTER HUMOR THE OLD GUY!

NOW TO **BUSINESS**! YOU ARE HERE FOR A **PURPOSE**... I AM THE LAST MALE SLEED! IT IS BUT FITTING THAT A JOURNALIST BE HERE TO RECORD THE STORY OF SLEED!



YES! THERE'S A STORY HERE, ALL RIGHT... BUT I'D JUST AS SOON NOT BE THE ONE TO WRITE IT... I THOUGHT NOTHING COULD SCARE ME!



SHALL WE HAVE OUR WINE BY THE FIREPLACE?

AS I WAS SAYING... THE HOUSE OF SLEED DATES BACK TO THE ORIGINAL SLEED WHO WAS BORN IN 213 A.D....



WISH LIZ-BETH WAS HERE... I'D FEEL SAFE IF SHE WERE HERE... WONDER WHERE SHE WENT!

UH OH... DIRTY WORK! BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK...



JUST THEN, TIM SAW THE ARMOR-CLAD SERVANT EMPTYING A WHITE POWDER IN HIS CUP BEFORE SERVING HIM...

I'M SORRY, CLUMSY OF ME! NOW IF YOU'LL LET ME GO TO MY ROOM, I'M TIRED...



YOU! HERE! DARLING!

YES, TIM, I SAW YOUR ACCIDENT, I CAME IN FOR SHELTER AND THEY GAVE ME A ROOM TOO!



YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL! I LOVE YOU SO... BUT WHY ARE YOU SO COLD?

I LOVE YOU TOO... BUT I MUSTN'T!







DON'T THINK OF ME! GO, PLEASE, GO!
WE'RE TRAPPED!

I'D TANGLE WITH
THEM, BUT I CAN'T
LEAVE LIZBETH
UNGUARDED!
LOOKS LIKE
THE MCFADDON
LUCK'S FINALLY
RUN OUT!



SOMETHING HAPPENED! SLEED'S
NO LONGER CONTROLLING THEM!

IT'S ALL CLEAR AS MUD TO ME!
LET'S GO FIND SLEED WHILE WE
CAN AND TRY TO END THIS RAT
RACE!



GHASTLY! HE SAID HE LIVED FOR 1,700 YEARS AND AT
LAST HE LOOKS IT... COULD THIS BE WHY HIS ARMORED
ZOMBIES STOPPED THEIR ATTACK?

AFTER
A
QUICK SEARCH
OF THE
STRANGELY
QUIET
CASTLE,
THEY FOUND
SLEED...



OH! SLEED IS DEAD!
SLEED WAITED TOO
LONG! FOR THE
NEW BLOOD. YOUR BLOOD
THE BLOOD HE NEEDED TO LIVE ON!

WHAT? YOU MEAN THE **BLOOD
BATHS** WERE TRUE... HE REALLY
TOOK THEM, **NEEDED** THEM? HE
HONESTLY **WAS** THE **FIRST** AS
WELL AS THE **LAST** MALE OF THE
HOUSE OF SLEED?

YES, IN A
WAY, HE WAS THE
LAST SLEED, BUT
NOT THE **LAST** OF
THE **HOUSE!**

NOW I MUST TAKE
COMMAND...



LIZBETH! YOU'RE
JOKING! YOU
CAN'T BE...
CAN'T
MEAN...

YES, IT'S
TRUE, MY
DARLING! **ALL
TOO TRUE...
SEIZE HIM!
BIND HIM!**



YES... **BLOOD** IS STILL NEEDED TO-
NIGHT, **TESTED BLOOD!** IT WILL
COME **TOO LATE** FOR SLEED, BUT
**NOT FOR HIS
DAUGHTER!**

NOW I MUST
CARRY ON!

IMPOSSIBLE!

NO! NO! HOW COULD
YOU BE ALMOST **TWO
THOUSAND YEARS
OLD?** I'M LOSING MY
MIND!



THE ARMORED ZOMBIE'S REVIVE, THEN
ONE HIGH, THIN SCREAM THAT'S
BORNE AWAY ON THE CHILL
WIND THAT HOWLS ABOUT
THE BATTLEMENTS... THE
RAIN FALLS ON... ONE BY
ONE THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN
THE CASTLE! AND THEN...

THAT'S ALL!

DO YOU KNOW ANY OTHER
WRITER WHO WOULD LIKE
TO VISIT SLEED'S CASTLE?



MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERS TREATMENT FOR PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and
other externally caused Skin Blemishes

**DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES
BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY
RUIN YOUR CONFIDENCE
OR SPOIL YOUR TALENTS!**

DO YOU feel your skin is holding back your chances for popularity . . . for success? Are you *afraid* people whom you'd like to know will *reject* you? Thousands of people who felt the same as you—now have clear attractive complexions. They've regained their poise and confidence. You can benefit from their experience!

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS NEGLECT CAUSE OF MANY SKIN TROUBLES

Skin Specialists and Medical statistics tell us that broken out skin usually occurs from adolescence and can continue on through adulthood. Adolescents often carry these scars throughout their life. Many never get over the "feeling of embarrassment" and are always conscious of their appearance and complexion. Persistent cases of "bad skin" sometimes continue on through adulthood. In this stage of life, the responsibilities of earning a living and meeting people are essential if you are to climb the ladder of success in your job. It is doubly important to give your skin problems *immediate care*. Physicians state that to neglect your skin may prolong your skin troubles and make it more difficult to clear up. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than **NOW!**

Laboratory analysis using special microscopes gives us the scientific facts regarding those unsightly pimples. High-powered lenses show your skin consists of several outer layers. Projecting through this epidermis, are hairs, the ducts of the sweat glands and the tiny tubes of the sebaceous glands which supply the skin with oil to keep it soft and pliable. Skin specialists will tell you that many skin eruptions can often be traced to an over-secretion, of oil from the sebaceous glands. As a result of

DON'T SPREAD INFECTION BY SQUEEZING PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS



Clinical reports state that many people squeeze out pimples and blackheads with their fingers. This is unsanitary and may lead to the spread of the infection. This abuse may also inflame your skin and leave red welts and ugly looking blotches and bumps. As a result your face may be covered with pimples and blemishes. Soon you'll be sorry you ever squeezed or picked at your skin by using this unscientific method to get rid of skin eruptions.

CAUSES OF PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS SEEN THROUGH POWERFUL MICROSCOPE

this over-secretion, more oil than is normally required by the skin is deposited on the outside of the skin. Unless special care is taken, this excessive oil forms an oily coating which is a catch-all for all foreign matter in the air. When dust, dirt, lint, etc. become embedded into the tiny skin openings and block them up, they can cause the pores to become enlarged and therefore even more susceptible to additional dirt and dust. These enlarged, blocked up pores may form blackheads as soon as they become infected and bring you the worry, despair, embarrassment and humiliation of pimples, blackheads and other externally caused blemishes.



Illustrated is a microscopic reproduction of a healthy skin:

The sebaceous glands are shown as they project through the many layers of skin. In a normal skin, the openings of the gland tubes are not blocked and permit the oil to flow freely to the outside of the skin.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TREATMENT

Physicians report two important ways to control this condition: First, they prescribe clearing the pores of clogging matter; and second, inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

To help overcome these two conditions, Scope Products' research make available two scientifically-tested formulas that contain clinically proven ingredients. The first formula contains special cleansing properties not found in ordinary cold creams or skin cleansers. Thoroughly, but gently, it removed all surface scales, dried sebaceous matter, dust, dirt and debris—leaving your skin wonderfully soft, smooth and receptive to proper treatment. The second formula acts to reduce the excessive oiliness produced by the overactive sebaceous glands. Its active ingredients also help prevent the spread of infection by killing bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples, blackheads and blemishes.



COVERS UP UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES WHILE MEDICATION DOES ITS WORK

To remove the immediate embarrassment of skin blemishes, Scope Medicated Skin Formula helps conceal while it medicates! Unlike many other skin preparations, Scope Formula has a *pleasant fragrance!* Imagine! The moment you apply the Scope Treatment to your skin you can instantly face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance. At the same time, you are sure that the medication is acting to remove externally caused blemishes and helping to prevent new ones. This "cover-up" action gives you peace of mind. No longer need you suffer from the feeling of self-consciousness or inferiority. Make this your first step in the direction of a clear complexion and skin that's lovable to kiss and touch!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make this guaranteed offer because so many users of Scope Medicated Skin Formula have written us telling how it helped to clear up their complexion. We want you to try the Scope Double Treatment at *our risk*. Just a few minutes of your time each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible! If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin **IN JUST 10 DAYS**, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not just the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** You have everything to gain and we take *all the risk!* We want all teenagers, men and women of all ages to get a fresh, new glowing outlook on life. We want you to be the inviting social personality you might be and to help you reach highest success possible in business. Now you can give yourself new hope and bring back that happy joyous feeling of confidence, poise and popularity!

NOW YOU CAN GET THE SCOPE 2-WAY "COVER-UP" ACTION AND MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT DELAY!

Just send your name and address to **SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 18AP**, 1 Orchard Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Scope treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send \$2.00 now and we pay postage. No matter which way you order, you have a **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE**. Don't delay, send for the Scope Medicated Skin treatment with its special "cover-up" action . . . today! Sorry no Canadian or foreign C.O.D.'s.

THE GHOST IN THE MIRROR

By ELLEN LYNN

ELLEN GARTH was always a strange child. She was always pretending she was hearing voices. She was only fifteen when I first saw her—and already showing promise of unusual beauty. But she was childlike, quiet, moody and I first came upon her when I was out riding my horse, Letty. She was stretched out prone by the side of the brook, and her slim white hand was dangling in the rushing water. So absorbed was she in this simple pastime that she hadn't even heard my horse's feet on the shrubs as we approached her. It was difficult to get her to talk, but when I dismounted and sat down beside her, remaining silent and watching the moving waters with her, she seemed to gain confidence—and from that time on we were friends.

It was just a week since I had been hired by Mr. Fred Garth as a general overseer on his farm. He knew I had left the agricultural school where I had been studying because my father had suffered financial losses and I wanted to go out and start earning my livelihood. The school had told him that I was a very "promising" student, and the truth is I was keenly disappointed at having to give up my studies in scientific farming.

"Ken Farrell," Mr. Garth approached me, "this may surprise you, but I'm going to make you manager of this farm. Frankly, I'm much impressed with you. That agricultural school must have taught you a lot."

I flushed with pleasure and surprise. "Why—thank you, Mr. Garth. I hope I can measure up to your confidence in me."

Suddenly, Mr. Garth staggered. I had to grab his arm to keep him from falling. He was clutching his chest and his face was ghastly white. After I had helped him into the house and he had sat a while, he was able to talk. "Ken, I have a bad heart. I am lucky you came to this farm when you did. My mind is at peace to have a competent person in charge. You're young—but you're smart. Promise me you'll stay and look out for my wife and daughter, Ellen."

A month later, Fred Garth was dead. Dr. Sidney Allen, a neighbor, called every evening on the widow, Grace. She was a frail, lovely-looking woman—who seemed confused and lost without her husband.

One day Mrs. Garth called me to the house. "Ken," she said, "I am going to remarry. This may shock people—it's only a few months since Fred died—but I'm a helpless creature and I feel that Ellen should have a father. I love my girl dearly—but it was always Fred who saw to her upbringing and I'm afraid of the responsibility." She paused and her eyes were filled with tears. Then—"I'm going to marry Dr. Allen. He was the first to point out that Ellen needs a father."

There was something about Sidney Allen that I did not like. He was too smooth—and underneath there seemed to be a hard core. He had come to live at the Garth Farm and was devoting less and less time to the practice of medicine. Surprisingly, he kept me on as Manager, after he had married Grace Garth, undoubtedly, because he knew less about running it than I did—and the Farm was doing well. But it soon became clear who was "master" of the family. He seemed to rule the household with an iron hand. It was soon obvious that Allen hadn't married for mere love. Poor Mrs. Garth had gone into a decline and kept to her bed a good deal. She would come downstairs only to be near Ellen, to protect her as much as she could. Ellen often sat with her, reading aloud, or just holding her hand. At other times Grace sat for hours before the strange mirror in her boudoir, a gift from Ellen's father.

I found myself growing more and more interested in Ellen. We often rode out together on our horses and I loved to make her laugh, to see her acting young and carefree. Even when I knew I had fallen deeply in love with her, I felt she was not quite ready for such a declaration. I would wait until she had awakened to her feeling for me—and I felt certain that she was beginning to fall in love with me. Then I would be able to take her away from her grasping stepfather, whose only god was greed. So I waited.

As I was being let into the foyer one evening, I could hear Dr. Allen's voice, sharp, angry, coming from the parlor. He had asked me to come at eight o'clock and I decided to sit there and wait till he finished what sounded like a family argument. I had no intention of eavesdropping and was deciding to leave and come back in a half-hour when my own name entered into the discussion. Much to my amazement, I heard Dr. Allen objecting to Ellen's mother that Ellen was getting too "chummy" with that Ken Farrell. "Don't let her get any romantic notions about our farm manager," he said. "She's nearly seventeen and it's time to think of her settling down and marrying. In fact, Ben Anderson and I have talked about Ellen and him. Our farms adjoin and we could combine the two and run a real enterprise. Ben is a smart boy and runs his farm practically singlehanded. That boy, Ken, tries to run our place by books. Ellen must stop seeing him—you know of course what he's after—this farm . . ."

"Oh no, Sidney, you can't. You must not. Ben is fifty, old enough to be her grandfather. He's a miser. He'll beat her." The gentle Grace was wild, infuriated.

"I married you to protect her," wept Grace. I vow to you I will save her, even if I have to come back from the dead to do it."

Events moved fast after this. Suddenly there

was a thud as though someone had fallen. Throwing caution to the winds, I hurried into the parlor and saw Mrs. Allen crumpled on the floor. Dr. Allen was saying—"It's her heart, poor dear. It's all over. Oh, God, why has this happened to me?"

Dr. Allen rushed me out of my job and out of the house. My only comfort was the determination that I would come back for Ellen. So grief-stricken was she, and so watched over by her step-father, I couldn't even see her before I left. But I got to know all the details of the occurrences after I left. Strange as they were, I finally returned, just in time.

Mrs. Garth—or Mrs. Allen—had left a will bequeathing all the lands to Dr. Allen with one odd condition: that he never part with the large, brass-framed mirror that hung in her boudoir. Dr. Allen called it a crazy idea—"Poor Grace was getting unbalanced toward the end"—but there was nothing he could do about it—he had to obey the conditions of the will.

The shock of her mother's death and the harshness of her stepfather toward her gentle mother and herself, had a serious effect on Ellen. She retreated more and more into herself. The little resistance she had put up against him while her mother was alive disappeared. She was now meek and obedient to the wishes of Dr. Allen. The only time she seemed happy was when she sat in her mother's boudoir before that large, brass-framed mirror.

"You don't have to sit there admiring yourself, Miss," her step-father sarcastically informed her. "You have an admirer downstairs waiting to see you. Ben Anderson is ready to marry you and the sooner you settle down with him the better."

"It isn't myself I see in that mirror," Ellen replied. "My mother talks to me."

"Ben better marry you soon—before he discovers you're balmy," Dr. Allen laughed. "What does your mother say to you, pray tell?"

"She tells me not to worry—that she can be a better mother to me now than she ever was before . . . that she is stronger and can protect me from all evil . . ."

Ellen's stepfather snorted—"So now we believe in ghosts—and this is a haunted house! Enough of this foolishness. Make yourself presentable and go downstairs to see your fiance."

Doing as she was bid, Ellen went down to see Ben Anderson. But Dr. Allen was disturbed by her calm self-assurance, by her contented smile. Truthfully, she didn't seem unbalanced of mind at all. What trickery was going on? Hearing the remote voices of Ellen and Ben downstairs in the parlor, he was about to join them to bring things to a head concerning their marriage, when he stopped at the open door of the boudoir. Was he imagining things? A soft voice, like Grace's, called his name: "Sidney—Sidney—in here . . . come in here . . ." It was some kind of hallucination, but Dr. Allen boldly walked into the room. In the dark boudoir, faintly illumined by the moon

through the windows, he thought he saw a shadow playing upon the surface of the brass-framed mirror. It was just a train of thought that made him imagine it had the outlines of—Grace. With a sneer he turned to walk out of the room when again he heard that soft voice: "Sidney—come—follow me—you must—follow me . . ." Wheeling around, he saw the shadow on the mirror fade away. A sudden chill came over him and he hurried downstairs.

Dr. Allen hastened the date of the wedding and it was noted by all that Ellen went about her preparations pleasantly, patiently. Everyone knew she was not in love with Ben; she appeared to be waiting, waiting for something to happen—something sure to stop the wedding. The atmosphere was charged with tension. It was like racing against Time, with Dr. Allen rushing to get that marriage over before anything could happen. The only composed person was—Ellen.

When the wedding day arrived and the guests started to come, Dr. Allen's face wore a triumphant smile. He even patted his neighbor on the back, "Well, Ben, we're practically partners, now. Let's shake on it."

Then he saw me enter the house. I could see the expression of fury on his face. In scarcely suppressed tones of anger, he approached me, saying, "Ken Farrell, only invited guests may come to Ellen's wedding." I answered, "That is why I am here, Dr. Allen. Ellen sent me a letter inviting me here." He appeared highly nervous and I watched him hurry up the stairs. What happened—I learned later. He found Ellen in her bridal attire, sitting before the Mirror. He heard a voice say: "Darling, you will not marry Ben—you may be sure of that. I shall keep my promise." Then he saw the same shadow in the Mirror—"Come, Sidney—follow me—you must, you know . . ." With a burst of fury and a loud scream, Dr. Allen rushed to the Mirror and hammered it with his fists—"You witch," he yelled, "I don't know what trickery Ellen is up to but here's what I think of your ugly mirror—and this wedding will take care of your Will." There was a resounding crash as Dr. Allen's blows splintered the mirror and the heavy glass came clattering down. Blood was streaming from his pierced wrists and he fell heavily to the floor.

All the guests had rushed upstairs upon hearing the clamor. There I saw my beautiful Ellen, her face horrified—but she rushed to me and I enfolded her in my arms. Her letter had merely told me to come today—there was an urgency about it—but now her eyes told me what for so long I had hoped to see—that she loved me. Ellen had felt that I in some way would save her from her marriage to Ben.

But was it play-acting? Sure it couldn't be, you will say. But there, glistening on the floor near the shattered glass, like a protective amulet, was the gold wedding band which Ellen's mother had worn in death and which was buried with her!

The CURSE of The FLYING DUTCHMAN

SEA-FARING MEN STILL TELL THE STRANGE TALE OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AND HER MAD CAPTAIN WHO VIOLATED THE CODE OF THE SEA... THEY SAY HE AND HIS CREW WERE DOOMED TO SAIL THEIR GHOST-SHIP FOR ALL ETERNITY OFF THE MYSTIC COAST OF SOUTH AFRICA... JUST IDLE SUPERSTITION YOU SAY? MAYBE... BUT ONE NIGHT OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE ———

CURSE YOU, CAPTAIN / YOU CAN'T LEAVE US LIKE THIS / COME BACK... OR I'LL GET YOU IF I HAVE TO RETURN FROM THE GRAVE /

DON'T GO BACK / I DON'T WANT TO DIE /

WE CAN'T, HARRY... THERE ARE TOO MANY OF YOU / IT'S "EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF" / THAT REEF MUST HAVE TORN OUT THE WHOLE BOTTOM / IT'S GOING DOWN FAST /

SKULL CAPTAIN TOM VIOLATED THE CODE OF THE SEA... HE DESERTED THE CREW OF HIS SINKING SHIP AND TOOK ONLY JANE, HIS FIANCEE, WITH HIM...

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THEY HAD LEFT THE CREW OF THE "SANTA MONICA" AND THE CURSE OF MATE HARRY BEHIND...

WATER... WATER
...OH H H...

IF WE'RE NOT RESCUED
SOON WE WON'T BE
ALIVE WHEN THEY FIND
US /



IF ONLY IT WOULD RAIN /
BUT WHAT'S THE USE... WE'RE
DONE FOR... I CAN FEEL THE
LIFE DRYING OUT OF ME IN THIS
HEAT / I SHOULD HAVE STAYED
WITH MY CREW...





WH... WHAT
THE...?



TOM... WHAT
HAPPENED? OH,
IT'S RAINING!

I HOPE THIS WON'T
BE TOO MUCH OF
A GOOD THING...
THESE WAVES ARE
GETTING HIGHER
THAN I LIKE!



MAYBE THE
MATE'S CURSE IS
HAUNTING US... BUT
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THEN SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT...



TOM/ A SHIP! AN
OLD-TIME SAILING
VESSEL!

WHAT A RELIC! IT LOOKS
LIKE... BUT THAT'S SILLY!
AHOY THERE!



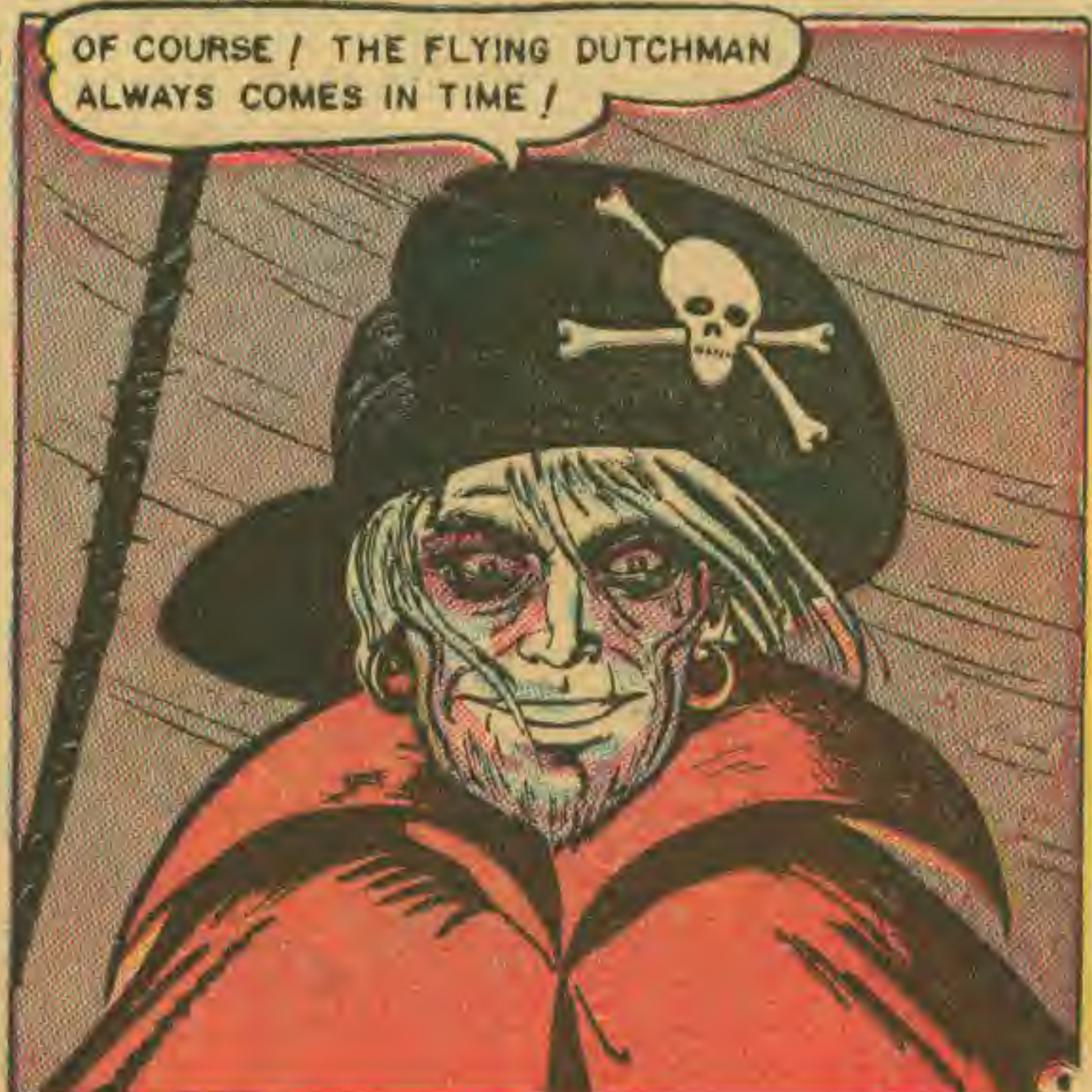
I...I DON'T
LIKE THE LOOKS
OF THAT
SHIP!

NONSENSE! NOTHING COULD BE
WORSE THAN THE SPOT WE'RE IN!
LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING ABOUT
TO PICK US UP!



WELCOME ABOARD! IT HAS
BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE
HAVE HAD PASSENGERS!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN/
YOU CAME JUST IN
TIME!



OF COURSE! THE FLYING DUTCHMAN
ALWAYS COMES IN TIME!



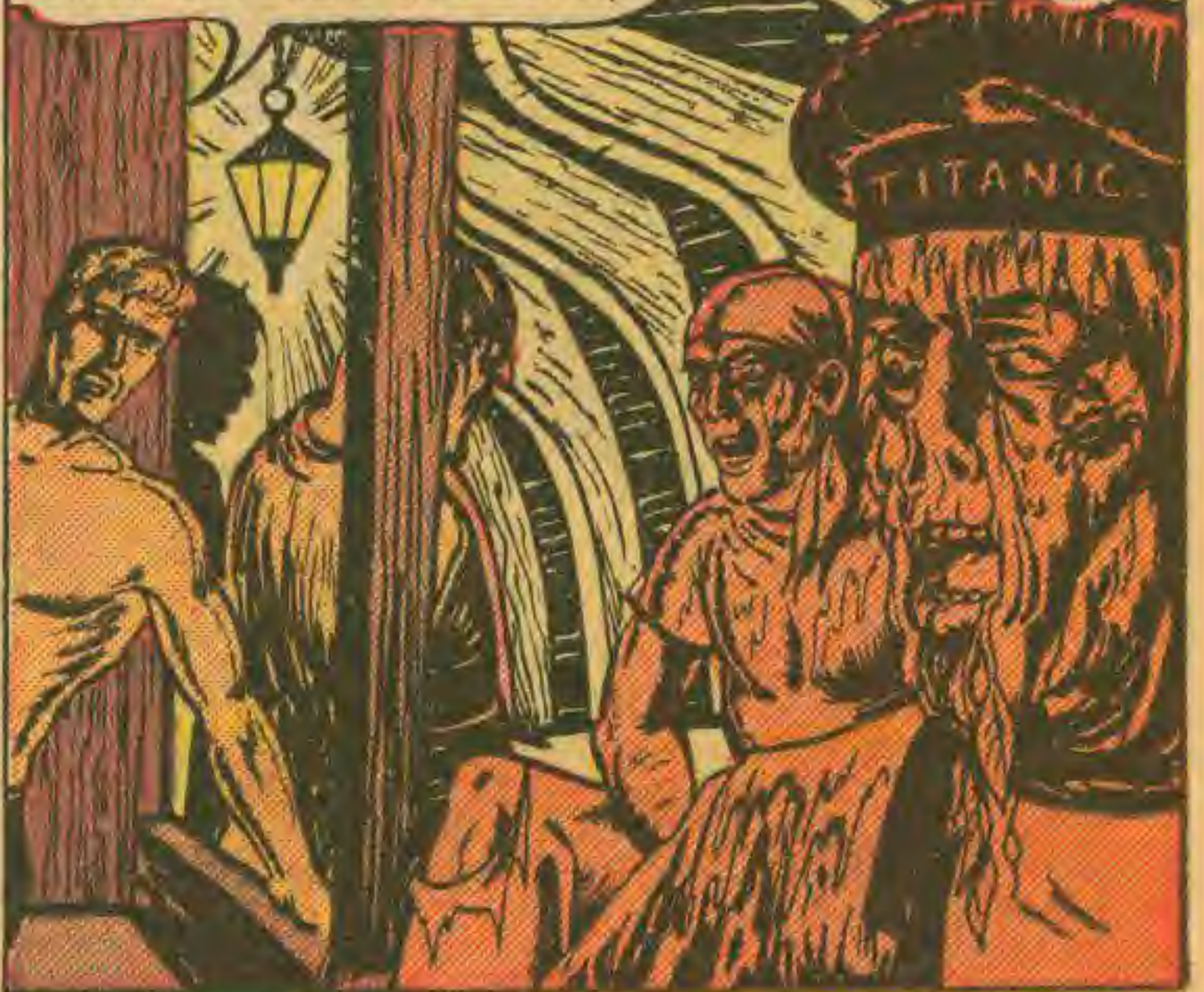


MEANWHILE, TOM HAD RECOVERED FROM THE VICIOUS BEATING... HE COULDN'T FORGET THE MATE'S CURSE...



WH... WHERE AM I? OH, I MUST HAVE DREAMED IT ALL! THAT'S IT! IT WAS ALL A HORRIBLE DREAM! WSH I COULD FORGET HARRY.....

BUT THESE MEN...THEY SHOULD BE DEAD! AND THIS ONE WEARS A CAP FROM THE TITANIC... A SHIP THAT SANK BEFORE I WAS BORN!

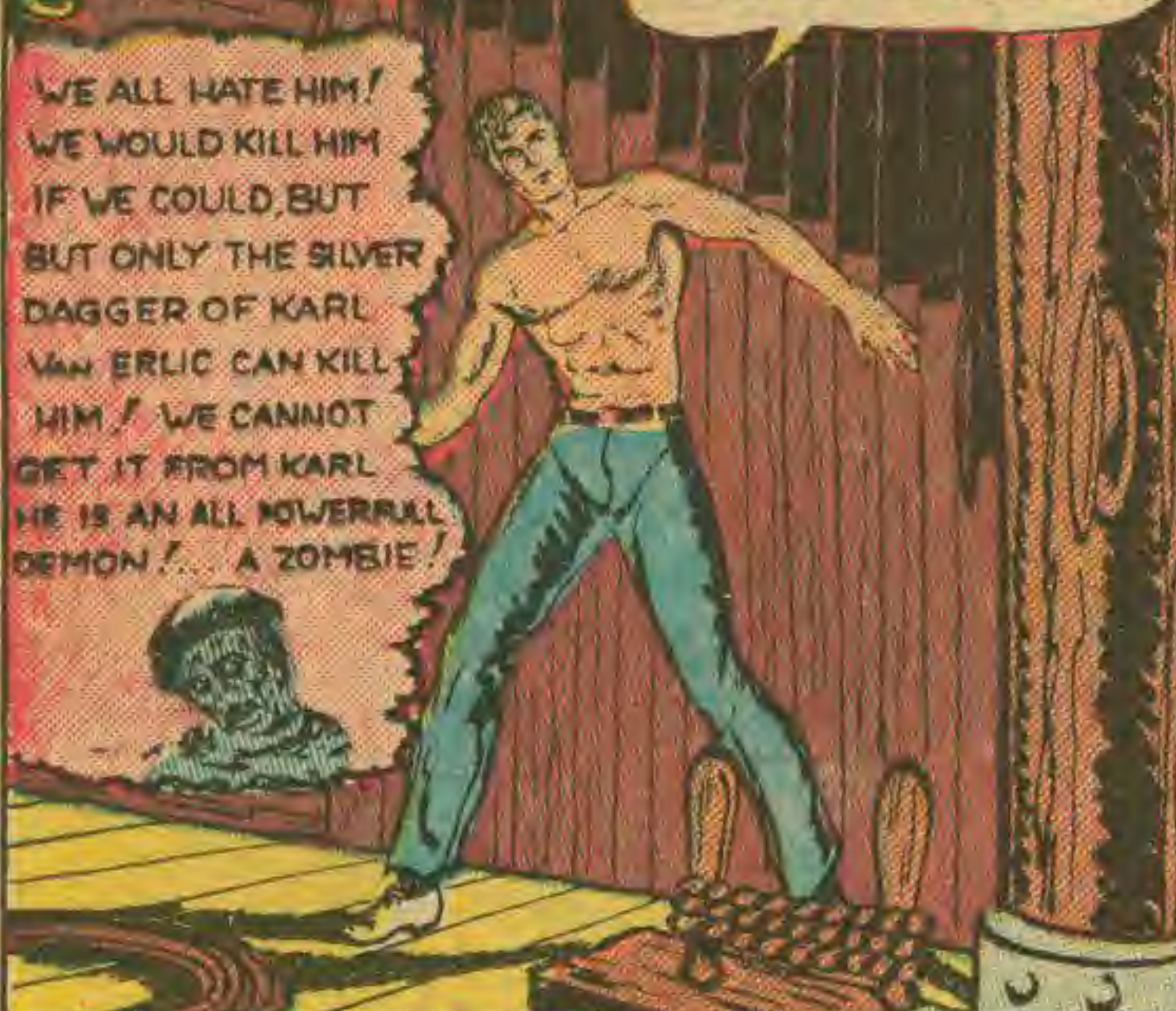


YES, BUT WE CANNOT DIE WHILE HE LIVES

AS TOM LEAVES THE DARK FO'CSLE.....

THAT SCREAM! IT SOUNDS LIKE JANE! IT IS JANE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!

WE ALL HATE HIM! WE WOULD KILL HIM IF WE COULD, BUT BUT ONLY THE SILVER DAGGER OF KARL VAN ERLIC CAN KILL HIM! WE CANNOT GET IT FROM KARL HE IS AN ALL POWERFUL DEMON!... A ZOMBIE!



LET ME GO YOU LOATHSOME BEAST! TAKE YOUR DECAYED HANDS AWAY FROM ME!

HA HA HA! I CAN WAIT! YOU SHALL STAY FOREVER ON THIS SHIP! SOONER OR LATER YOU SHALL BE MY BRIDE!



LET HER GO, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A GRAVEYARD!

OH, TOM! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!



YOU WILL PAY FOR THAT! I WILL HAVE YOU BEATEN UNTIL YOU PRAY FOR DEATH! I WILL SHOW YOU WHO IS THE MASTER HERE! SEIZE HIM!

TOM! LOOK OUT!



TOM HASN'T A CHANCE BEFORE THE INHUMAN STRENGTH OF THIS GHASTLY MONSTER!

IT'S KARL! HE HAS THE KNIFE, I MUST GET IT! OOH H!



BUT SUDDENLY...

I THOUGHT SO / THE JUDO I PICKED UP IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC HAS COME IN HANDY BEFORE /



I THE MONSTER IS STUNNED LONG ENOUGH FOR TOM TO BREAK AWAY.....

GET HIM, KARL / HE CAN'T GET AWAY NOW /

CAN'T GO MUCH HIGHER / AND THIS IS NO PLACE TO HAVE A JUDO MATCH /



GET BACK, BLAST YOU / COME ANY HIGHER AND I'LL KICK YOUR FACE TO MUSH /



YOU ASKED FOR IT! UGH / HIS HEAD IS LIKE SOFT DOUGH / HE... HE DOESN'T SEEM TO FEEL IT / AND HE'S GOT ME BY THE ANKLE /



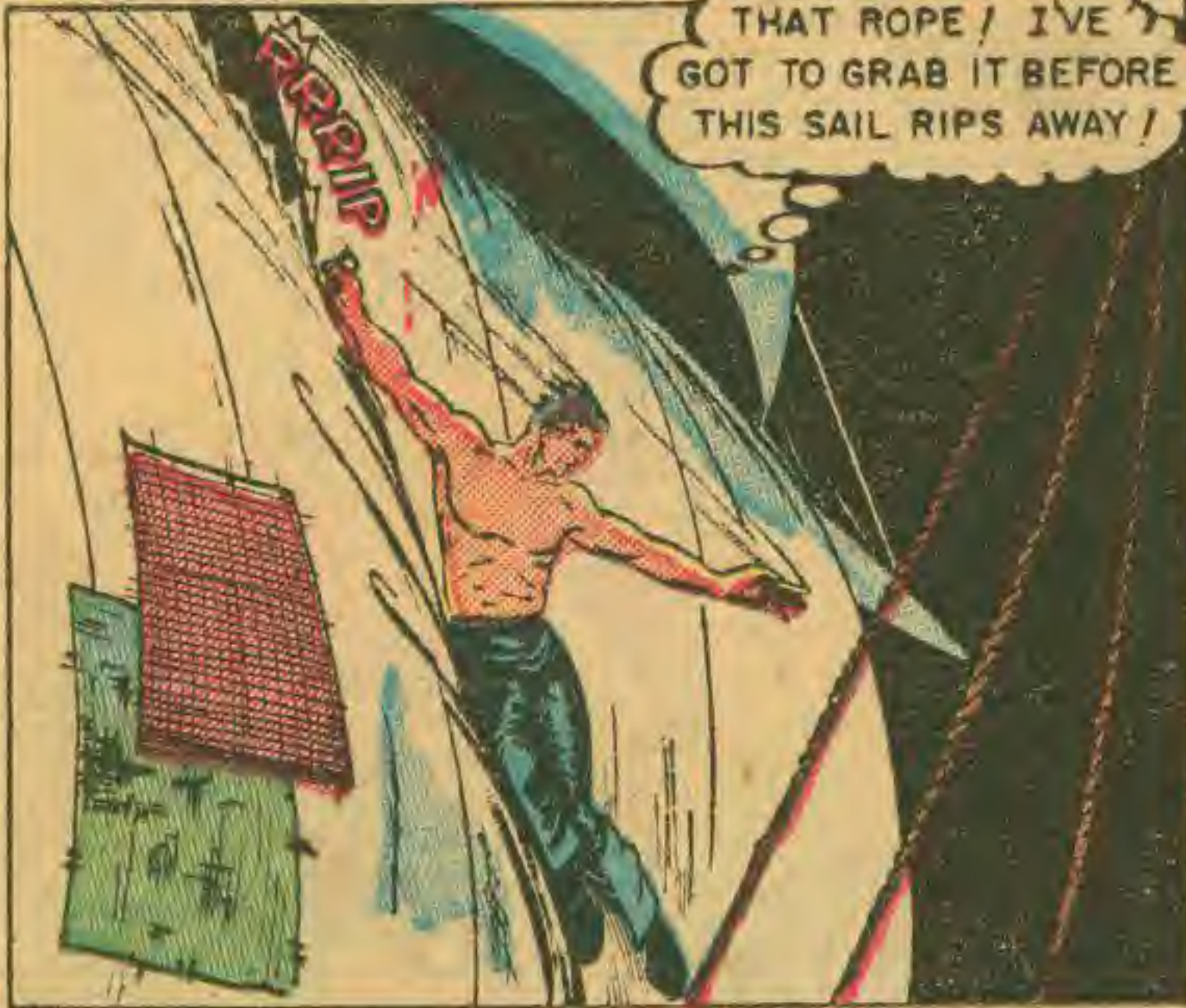
I'VE GOT THE KNIFE / BUT HE'S PULLING ME OFF THE MAST... THAT'S A NINETY FOOT DROP / I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN MY BODY /



WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT, TOM KICKS FREE BUT...



MIRACULOUSLY, TOM MANAGED TO STAB THE KNIFE INTO THE BILLOWING MAINSAIL / THE RIPPING CANVAS SLOWS HIS DESCENT UNTIL...



THAT ROPE! I'VE GOT TO GRAB IT BEFORE THIS SAIL RIPS AWAY!



TOM! YOU'RE SAFE!

HA HA! FOR THE MOMENT ONLY! I'LL HAVE YOU KEEL HAULED!



YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING, MISTER / YOU'VE GIVEN YOUR LAST ORDER /

YOU'VE KILLED HIM! WE ARE FREE! FREE!



AND SO ENDS THE CURSE OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!

HE'S GONE! THAT'S THE END OF HIM!

THE SHIP! IT... IT'S FALLING APART!



BUT WITH THE END OF THE OLD CURSE, THE AGED FLYING DUTCHMAN AND HER CREW MUST RETURN TO THE SEA WHERE THEY ARE LONG OVERDUE!

OH! THE SHIP HAS TURNED TO A ROTTING HULK! IT'S SINKING! WE... WE'LL DROWN!

WAIT! THERE'S A STEAMER! WE'RE SAVED! AHoy!



AND SO TOM AND JANE WERE SAVED FROM THE ANCIENT CURSE OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

THANK HEAVENS, WE'RE SAVED!

AND JUST IN TIME! THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE DUTCHMAN!



BUT IT'S ANOTHER GHOST SHIP! NOW TOM AND JANE KNOW THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR THOSE WHO SIN AGAINST THE SEA!

IT'S HARRY! THE MATE OF THE SANTA MONICA!

WHAT TH...? NO! IT CAN'T BE!

WELCOME BACK, CAPTAIN! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

THE END

The TERROR OF A TATOOED MAN

IN THE MIST SHROUDED ISLANDS OF JAPAN THE PEASANTS WHISPER THAT IT IS BAD LUCK TO GAMBLE AGAINST A TATOOED MAN... FOR THE AGE-OLD ART OF THE NEEDLE HAS BEEN PRACTICED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE ORIENT. AND MANY ARE THE STRANGE TALES THAT ARE MURMERED IN THE TEA HOUSES... TALES OF MYSTIC SYMBOLS THAT CONTROL THE LAWS OF CHANCE AND, SOME SAY, EVEN LIFE AND DEATH!



YES! IT IS I/
I HAVE
RETURNED!

YOU'RE DEAD/
GET AWAY
FROM ME!

OUR STORY OPENS IN A SING-SONG HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF OKADU...

WELL, THAT DOES
IT! I'M BUSTED!

ME TOO! LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE
WE LOSE OUR
SHIRTS!



STRETCH AND GEORGE HAD BEEN GAMBLING WITH A TATOOED MAN...

BUT AS THEY START TO LEAVE...

HONORABLE
SIRS, YOU HAVE
FORGOTTEN
YOUR CHECK!

GOOD NIGHT! WE
STILL OWE FOR
A ROUND OF DRINKS.
BUT WE'RE FLAT
BROKE!



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE EITHER
WASH CHOP STICKS ALL NIGHT, OR
FIGHT OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!

EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN! IF YOU
WOULD ALLOW ME TO INTERFERE,
PERHAPS I CAN SAVE YOU SOME
UNPLEASANTNESS!





THESE AMERICAN WARRIORS
ARE MY GUESTS, KOTO SAN.
YOU MAY ADD THEIR CHECK
TO MINE /

GEE, THANKS, MISS!
YOU SURE GOT US OFF
THE HOOK / WE'LL PAY
YOU BACK, OF COURSE!



IT DOESN'T MATTER / THE AMOUNT IS TRIVIAL BY YOUR
STANDARDS... WON'T YOU JOIN
ME AT MY TABLE?

WILL WE?
HONEY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO
ASK TWICE!



DON'T MIND STRETCH,
MISS... MISS...?

I AM FAY MITSUKO /



"MITSUKO"? AIN'T THAT
A GOOK N... OFF!

SHUT UP! DON'T MIND
STRETCH, MISS / HE'S NOT
VERY TACTFUL!



THAT IS ALL RIGHT / I AM NOT ASHAMED THAT I
AM PART JAPANESE — AFTER ALL, THESE PEOPLE WE'RE
DABBING IN ART AND THE MYSTIC WHEN MY EUROPEAN
ANCESTORS WERE SQUATTING IN A CAVE PAINTING
THEMSELVES BLUE AND GNAWING RAW MEAT!



THEY MAY HAVE GOT
STARTED EARLIER... BUT
WE WESTERN FOLKS
SURE PASSED THEM BY!
WHY, HALF THE JAPS
CAN'T EVEN READ!

SO? AND BECAUSE THEY DO
NOT READ COMIC BOOKS, YOU
CONSIDER THEM LESS INTEL-
LIGENT? WHY, ANY JAPANESE
COULD TELL YOU MORE ABOUT
GAMBLING THAN YOU KNOW!



YOU'RE KIDDING!
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN?

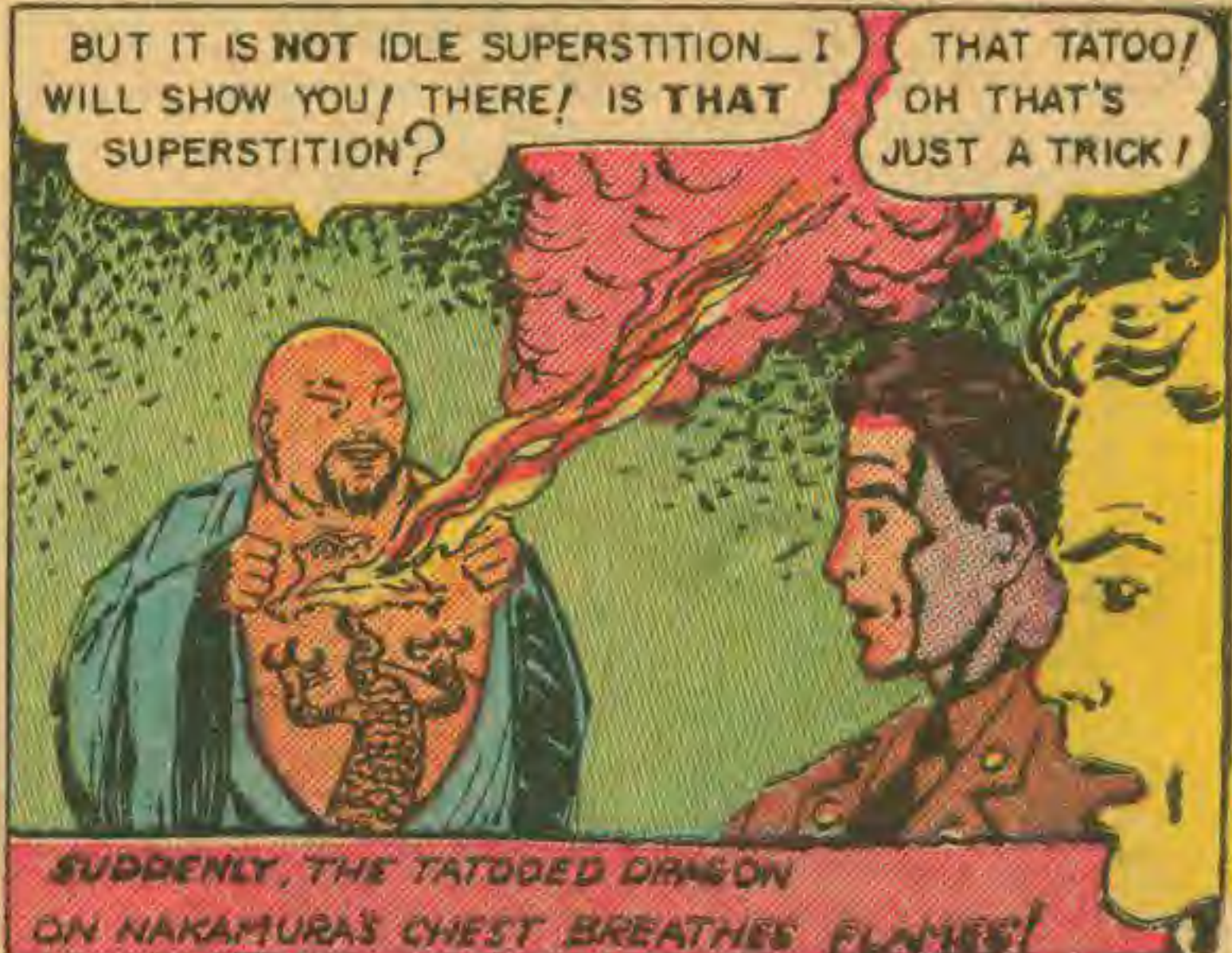
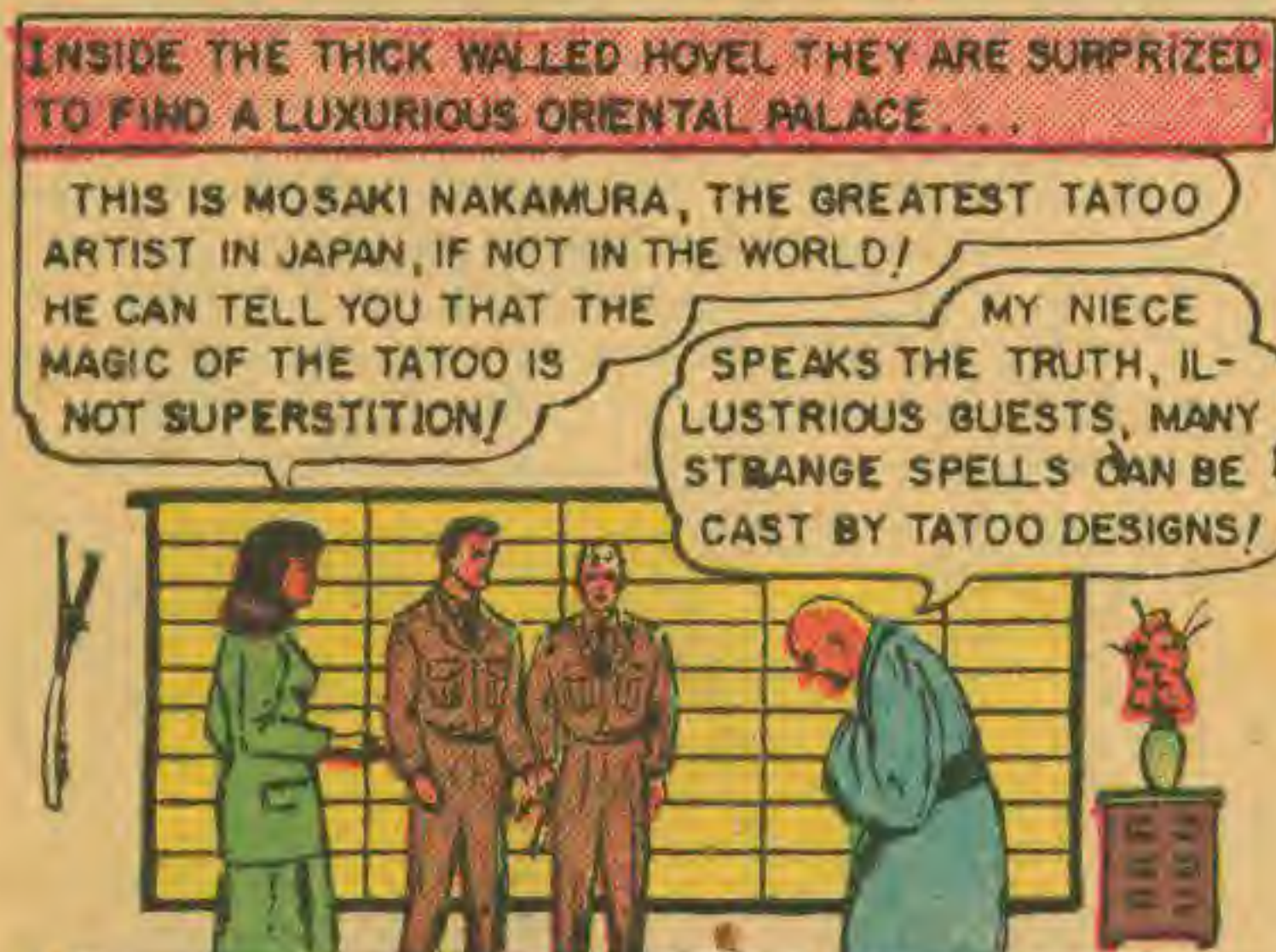
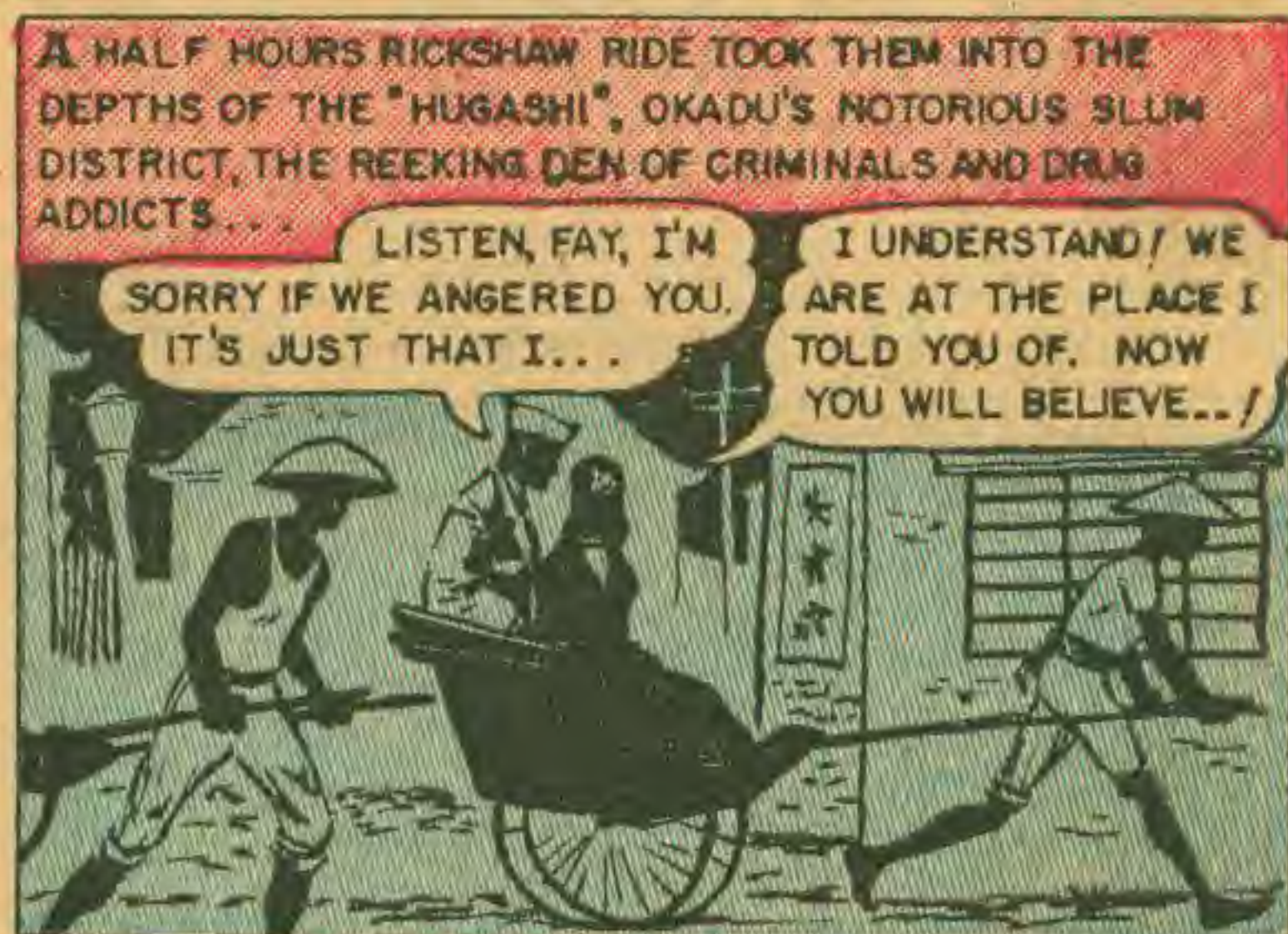
WHY, PLAYING CARDS WITH A
TATOOED MAN / ANY JAPANESE WOULD
KNOW HE'S A PROFESSIONAL CARD
SHARK / THEY'RE ALL TATOOED!



HOW COME? WOULDN'T
THAT GIVE THEM AWAY?

MOST OF THEM HIDE IT...BUT
ALL JAPANESE GAMBLERS
KNOW THAT CERTAIN SYMBOLS
WILL GIVE A MAN LUCK, OR EVEN
STRENGTH!

SUPERSTITIOUS
ROT / THAT'S
ALL!



SEEING THE DRAGON, STRETCH AND GEORGE BECAME VERY INTERESTED IN SOME OF NAKAMURA'S DESIGNS.

IT'S NOT JUST A TRICK, GEORGE!

AND YOU SAY THIS DESIGN WILL GIVE ME THE POWER TO WIN, ALWAYS? HOW MUCH WOULD YOU CHARGE US FOR IT?

AT ALL GAMES OF CHANCE YOU WILL WIN! AS TO CHARGE, HONORABLE SIR, I USUALLY EXPECT HALF OF THE FIRST YEARS WINNINGS!



WHAT CAN I LOSE? IF I DON'T WIN-- I DON'T PAY!

YESSS, THAT IS OUR BARGAIN!

WAIT! THINK THIS OVER, GEORGE! YOU'RE TAMPERING WITH POWERS YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT!



IN SPITE OF FAY'S WARNING, STRETCH AND GEORGE BOTH AGREED TO LET NAKAMURA TATOO THEM, AND SO

WELL, I SEE THAT THIS UGLY LOOKING THING IS THE GOD OF FORTUNE. BUT WHY THESE SNAKES ON OUR ARMS?

THEY ARE FOR MY PROTECTION! YOU AND HONORABLE GEORGE SAN WILL HAVE VERY GREAT POWERS. BUT AS LONG AS THOSE SNAKES ARE TATOOED ON YOUR ARMS YOU CANNOT BETRAY ME... YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY ME THE AGREED PRICE! OR I TAKE BACK MY TATOO!



A FEW DAYS LATER, GEORGE GOT HIS DISCHARGE AND HE AND STRETCH WERE SEPERATED... BACK IN THE STATES GEORGE SOON BECAME A NOTORIOUS GAMBLER, AND TRUE TO NAKAMURA'S WORD... HE NEVER LOST!!

THERE GOES "BET A MILLION" GEORGE! HE'S THE GUY WHO WON SIX RACES IN A ROW YESTERDAY!

IT'S UNCANNY! HE ALWAYS WINS! IT'S AS THOUGH HE HAD SOME SORT OF MAGIC! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT GEORGE WAS NOT HAPPY WITH HIS NEW FOUND WEALTH... AN ALMOND EYED VISION HAUNTED HIM...

WHY FOOL MYSELF ANY LONGER? IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR NOW AND I CAN'T FORGET HER! I'M RICH NOW... I CAN GIVE HER EVERY LUXURY! I'LL LEAVE TOMORROW FOR OKADU!



AND SO GEORGE RETURNED TO OKADU TO ASK FAY TO BE HIS BRIDE...

JUST A FEW MORE HOURS AND I'LL BE WITH HER!



BUT GETTING OFF THE PLANE HE MET...

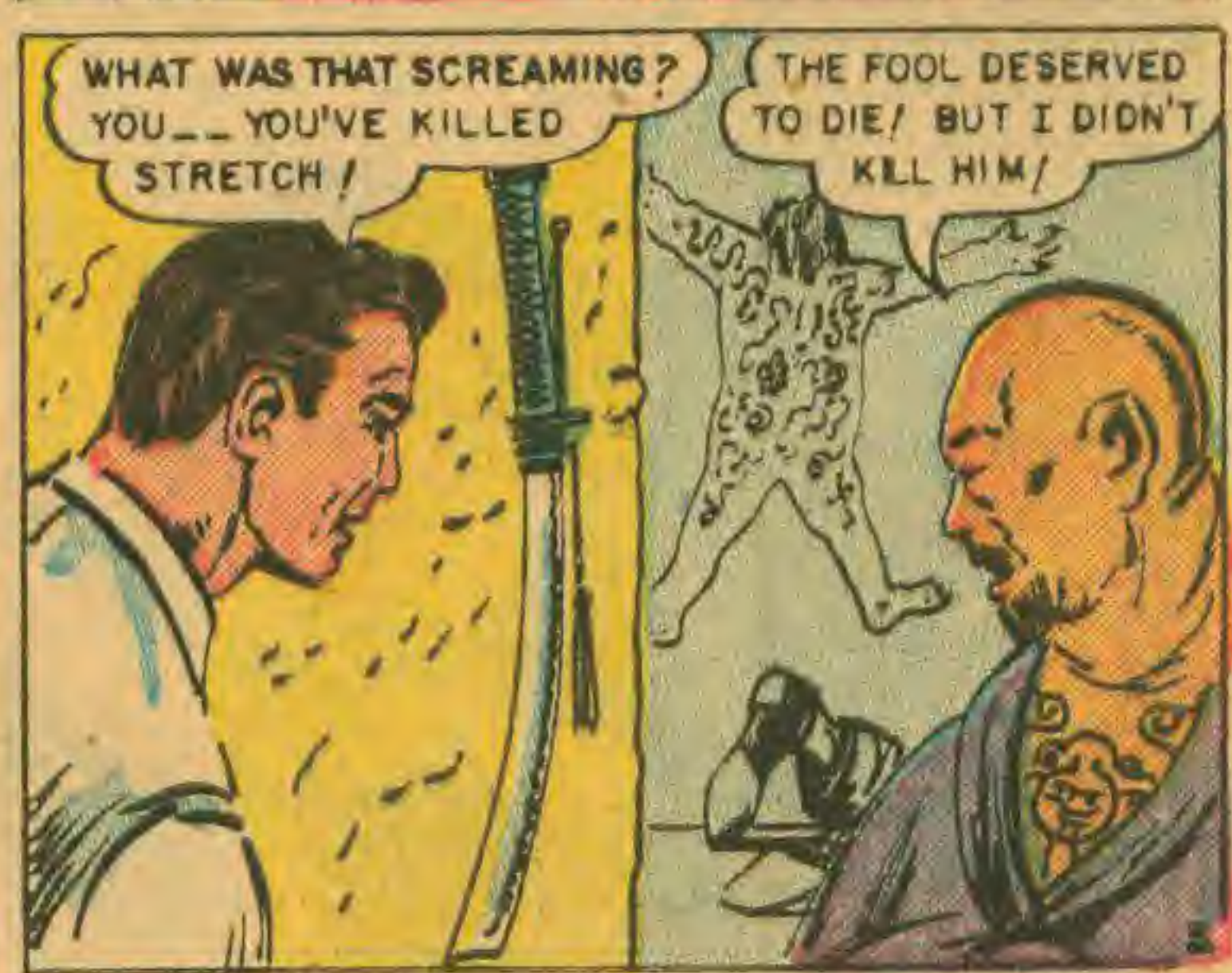
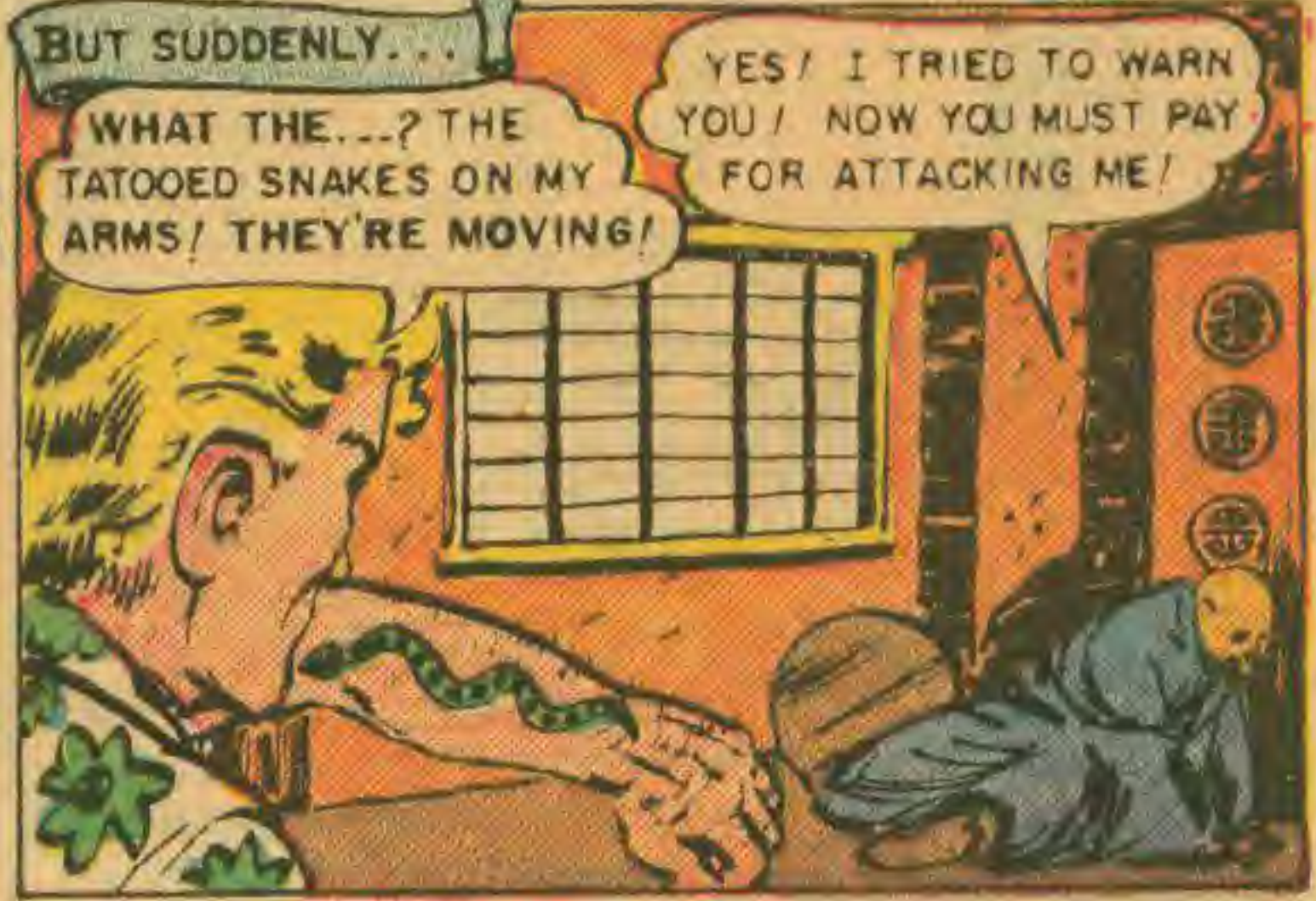
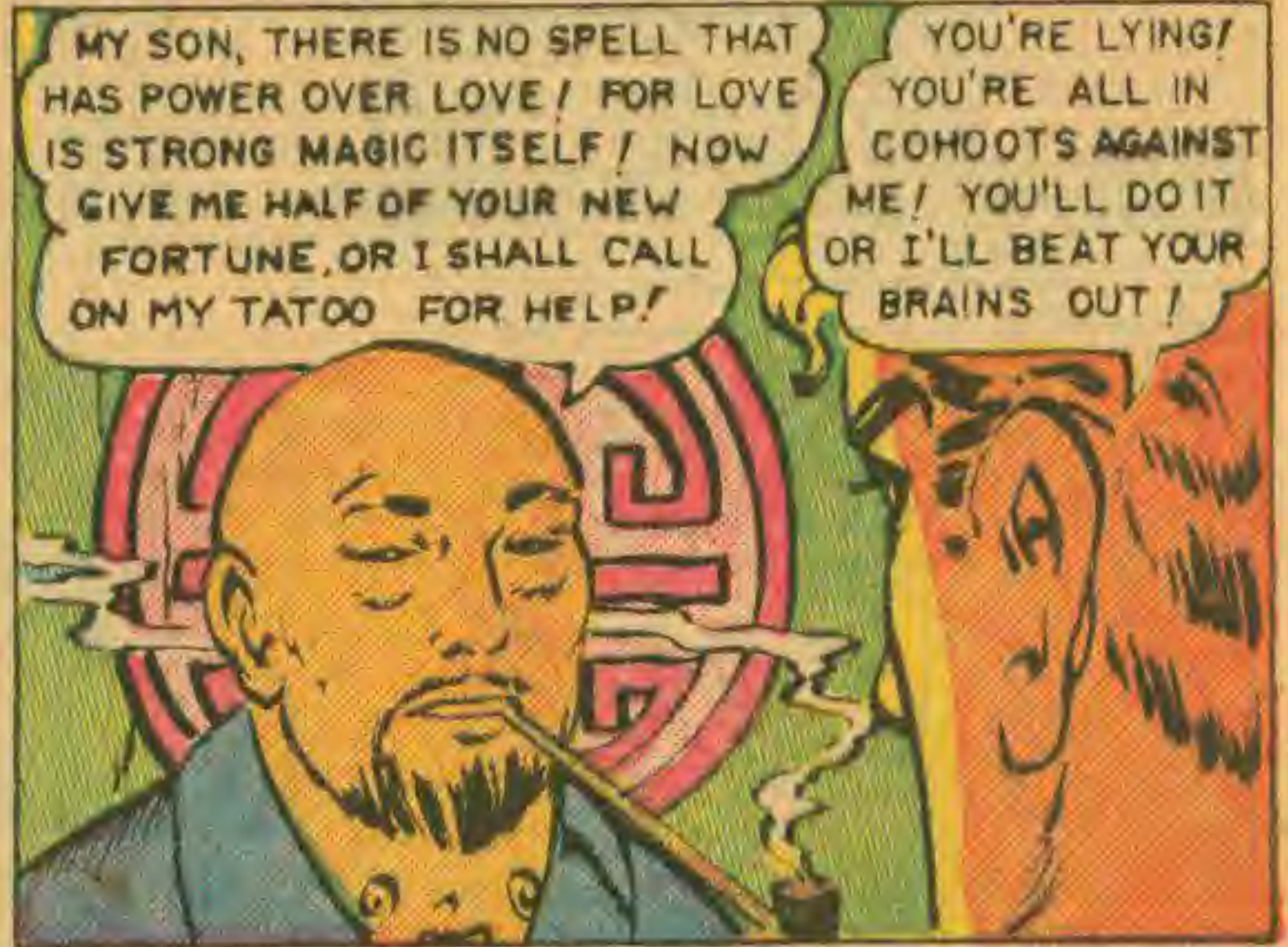
STRETCH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HIYA, GEORGE! I

JUST BLEW IN FROM 'FRISCO! I'M LOADED WITH DOUGH NOW! AND YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE MITSUKO GAL? WELL, I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET HER OFF MY MIND! I CAME BACK TO MARRY HER!



AND SO THE FORMER FRIENDS BECAME RIVALS FOR THE HAND OF FAY... ONE NIGHT AT THE HOME OF NAKAMURA...







STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of Mysterious Adventures, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Story Comics, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, William K. Friedman, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, William K. Friedman, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Business Manager, Morton Myers, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Story Comics, Inc., 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Morton Myers, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; William K. Friedman, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation, for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

WILLIAM K. FRIEDMAN,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1951. Bernard L. Wind, Notary Public, State of New York, No. 41-4301900. Qualified in Queens County. Certificate filed with Queens, Bronx and New York County Clerk's and Register's Offices. Commission expires March 30, 1953.

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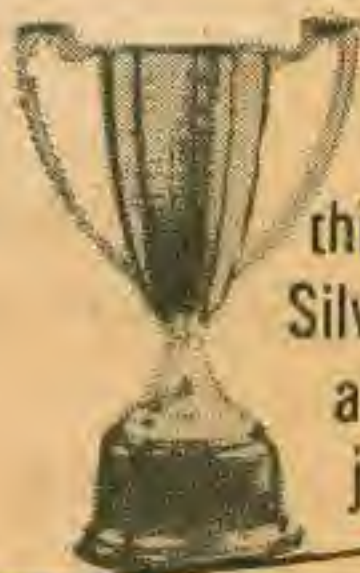
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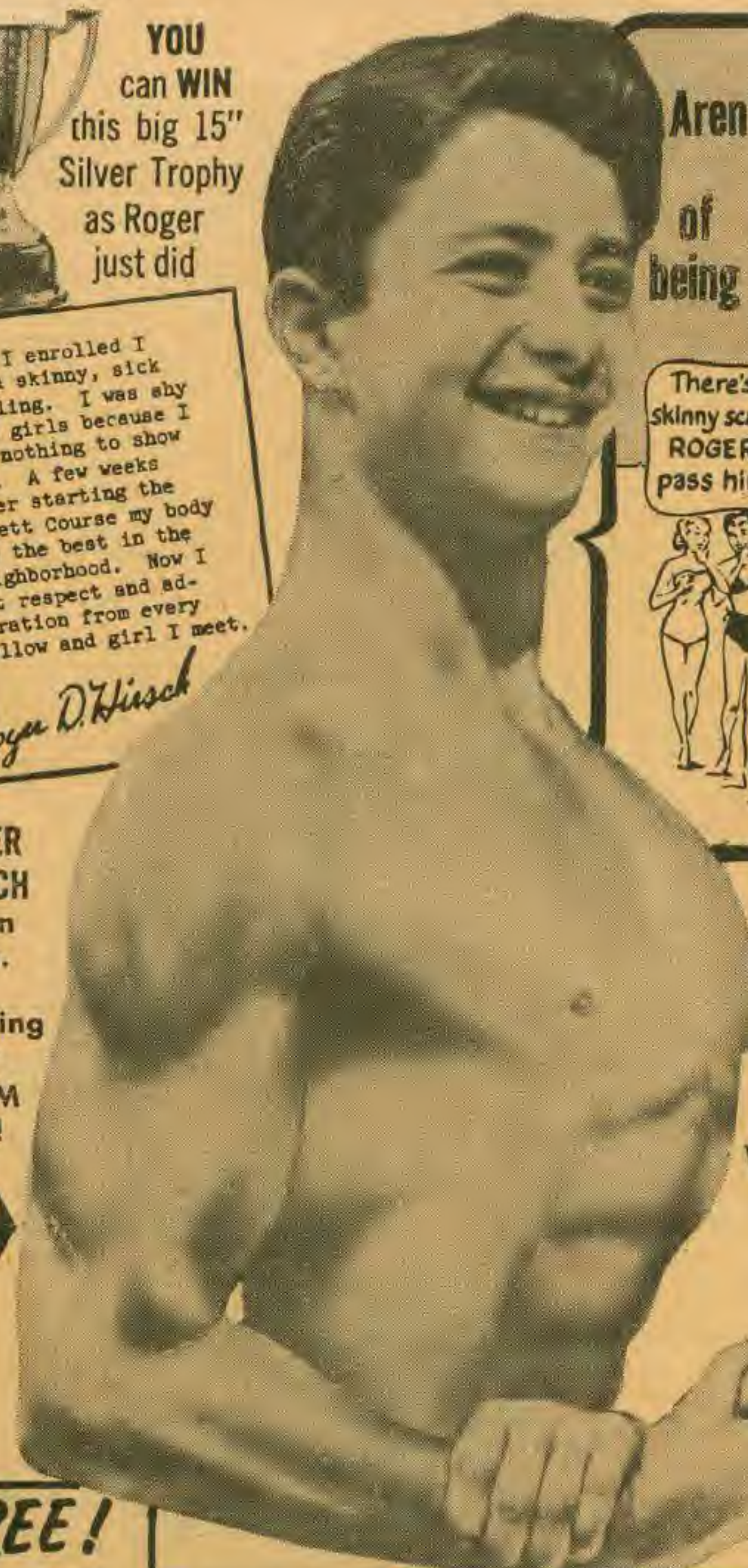


YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK
AT HIM
NOW!



Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real HE-MEN

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home... and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK** and **SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN,** a **WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

George F. Jowett
Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"
• World's wrestling and wr. lifting champ
• World's Strongest Arms.
• 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST,** my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"** the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO...**

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